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VOL. 6. NO. 148.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, Oct. 25.

1862.

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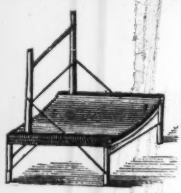

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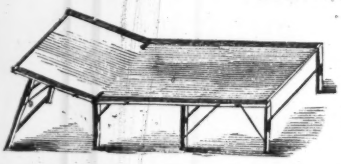

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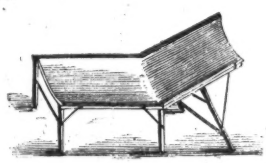

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OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

GUARD-HOUSE, Oct. 15th.

DEAR VANITY:—I wish to raise my voice in a roar of mingled shame and rage.

The habeas corpus has been trampled upon.

I am jugged.

Let me tell you how it happened. I will reveal all the revolting details.

Yesterday, while sitting in my tent, reading a beautiful editorial on matrimony, in the Brooklyn *City News*, I heard a ring at the bell. My servant hastened to ope the massive portal, and to admit a young man from New-Jersey.

"I want to see MCARONE," said he.

"*Vir qui ad est*," replied I.

"I am desirous of serving my country," said he.

"As how, for instance?"

"Cavalry."

"With a big bounty?"

"No, a commission."

"Ah! my major-generalships are all full."

"Then give me a lieutenancy."

"I can't be bothered with trifles. Apply to President LINCOLN."

"I have prepared an address to the President," said the young man from New-Jersey, "and here it is. If you'll endorse it, it will be all right, I'm sure. Let me read it to you."

As the document is a curiosity in its way, I append a copy here:

"Good Mr. LINCOLN,
I've long been thinkin'
How I can serve my country best;
And I've concluded
To do as you did
When you were living 'way out West.

"You went Campaigning . . .
With little training
You entered on the field of strife;
But yours was civil,
While I'm a divil
That wants a military life.

"You gained your wishes,
Your loaves and fishes,
Your Presidential chair of state;
May I not pray, then,
At some near day, then,
To have the same success with Fate?

"With your position
A small commission
You easily might give to me;
As I can ride, sir,
And shoot beside, sir,
I'd like to join the cavalry.

"Now, if you'll take me,
Good ABE, and make me
Lieutenant, first, or second, say,
When in the saddle
I'll not skedaddle,
But give Secesh the deuce to pay.

"So, mighty Magnate,
Don't let me stagnate
In ease and idleness as now,
The while I'm knowing
That laurel's growing
To make a garland for my brow.

"Please think it over;
I'll be in clover
If you a place for me can spare,
And that your glory
May fill Fame's story
Shall ever be my earnest prayer!"

I was much touched by the pathos and eloquence with which these lines were read by the young man from New-Jersey.

"You could make a good living," said I, "by writing for the agricultural papers. You have promise. Why do you want to get that massive brain split open by a cavalry-sabre?"

"I am desirous of serving my country," said the young man with *hauteur*.

"Now, look-ahere," remarked I, in a *distingué* voice, "take pattern and counsel from the example of the P. P."

"Who's P. P.?"

"*Pater Patriæ*. G. WASHINGTON. He enlisted in the Ninth Massachusetts, as a three-months volunteer, and was promoted to a brigadier-generalship for good behavior in camp. He was the author of the Star-spangled Banner, and was born on the Fourth of July—the day we celebrate. He conducted the war of 1812 with vigor and ability, and died quietly in his bed, after the batttle of Bunker Hill. Now take my advice, young man, and let soldiering alone."

"What's that you say?"

"Let fighting alone."

My dear VANITY—would you believe it?—I'm blessed if he didn't have me arrested for discouraging enlistments!

I am locked up in the guard-house, with several other officers, two of whom are gentlemen. The others are Rebels. I shall get out directly, for Destiny is always my servant . . .

And I am yours, MCARONE.

TO THE INSECT PHILOMEL OF AMERICA.

O FLY-BY-NIGHT! thy vibrant song
Is like the murmur of a gong
That with its last tones trembles,
And the wild rush that follows when
The gong to banquet summons men,
Thy hungry rush resembles.

Tis said "to bless these hours of shade,
That Beauty and the Moon were made;"
But ah! should Beauty venture—
While thou art droning that vile tune—
Her skin-deep charms beneath the moon,
She'd give a "quit-claim" to them soon,
By blood-written indenture.

Most sanguinary nightingale,
That dost our ears and noses nail—
Not all the tribe of dumb bugs,
That crawl, or hop, or skim the air,
In malice can with thee compare,
When swooping down, with horrid blare—
Most sonorous of hum-bugs.

Aërial butcher—carnifex—
That sparest neither age nor sex,
In drawing-room or garret;
Thou buryest thy tomahawk
Deep in our faces, as we walk,
And when we slumber dost uncork
And drink our living claret.

A malison, thou flying bore,
Be on thy wings—thou smit'st us sore,
Thy conduct vile and gross is.
In fact, an elephant's black trunk
Could scarcely cause a greater funk
Than thy minute proboscis.

Got Him by the Ears.

THE destitution that has fallen upon England in consequence of the cotton dearth is generally supposed to be confined to the working classes. Such, however, is unfortunately not the case, as the following anecdote will show:

During the trial of the Whitworth gun at Shoeburyness, Lord PALMERSTON, whose organs of hearing are known to be sensitive almost to a morbid degree, was suddenly stricken with deafness from the concussions caused by the explosion of the thunderer. His lordship's aurist, who was in attendance, respectfully reproached his lordship for having neglected the very proper precaution of stuffing his ears with cotton previous to assisting at a gun-trial. To this his lordship, nipping with stern resolution the stem of the rose-bud which he chews to give expression to his mouth, retorted: "What! stuff my ears with cotton when the mouths of half England are empty for want of it!" It is needless to say that his lordship heard no more on that subject from the doctor—indeed, he could not, as he has been quite deaf ever since.

THE TOWN SHOWS.

THE best piece of acting I have seen this long time, Mr. Printer, was a little bit of comic business done the other evening at WALLACK'S by Mrs. HOEY as *Letitia Hardy* in Mrs. COWLEY'S play of "The Belle's Stratagem." I looked round the house to see if you were not there to enjoy it with me. It was the scene in which *Letitia* plays the part of a hoyden in order to intrigue *Doricourt*. I almost fancied that it was a bit of real life going on, in the temporary absence of Mrs. PYPS (who never allows such things) at my own house. It lasted only about five minutes, and then the play went on in the usual hum-drum cut-and-dried style which nobody (not even Mrs. HOEY) would let up for a moment until the masquerade scene, when young PARSLOE, as the *Clown*, came heels over head on to the stage and knocked it into pi, for which he was at least entitled to have his name printed in the cast.

I often wonder, Mr. Printer, why the success of such little bits of natural, off-hand acting is not more profited by. I never knew them to fail with the house, and yet, except in the case of Mr. BLAKE, Mr. FISHER, Mrs. VERNON, MARY GANNON, and latterly Mrs. SEDLEY BROWN, (the new favorite at LAURA KEENE'S,) there is scarcely a player in town that ever ventures upon them. Miss HENRIQUES tried it once this season—as *Miss Neville* in "She Stoops to Conquer"—and was rewarded with such applause as she has hardly had since her début. I wonder

> "What would happen to the land,
> And what would happen to the sea,"

if Miss MORANT should try it, or Mrs. SEFTON, or Mrs. GLADSTONE, or Mrs. CONWAY, or REYNOLDS, or FLOYD, or NORTON, or DALY, or LEVICK, etc.

All the players named are clever enough, and when they get hold of what is called a "character part," exhibit qualities which surprise you. The difficulty is to get them to show a little cleverness in ordinary parts—mere ladies and gentlemen. Why, if they would simply use their natural tones of voice once in a while, and give up the practice of haranguing instead of talking, it would be something. To keep them in this it would be well for them to reflect, occasionally, that they are supposed to be representing human beings. It wouldn't be amiss to have a notice to this effect stuck up in the Green-Room.

Now, Mr. Printer, I wouldn't complain of this unnaturalness on the stage but for the fact that it must be as uncomfortable to the players as to anybody else. It is something that the unhappy creatures have learned, and that they ought straightway to unlearn. Nobody, I fancy, likes to be a mere speaking machine, worked according to the rules of some horrid elocutionist. And yet what more or less than this are most of our players, except, as I said, in so-called character-parts?

I think that on the occasion to which I referred in commencing this article, everybody must have been struck—almost startled—by the sudden change in Mrs. HOEY'S tone of voice and general action when, from the hoyden, she undertook to represent what was intended as a fine lady. In the former, she was perfectly natural, and yet in the highest degree artistic. In the latter, the natural was completely laid aside, to make way for the artificial, which I take to be the exact opposite of the artistic. And yet Mrs. HOEY is one of the best actresses we have, and would adorn any stage this side of Paris. I presume she persists in the old routine of stage-ventriloquism, etc., from mere habit. Last year, however, when I saw her in "The New President," "The Magic Marriage," "Up at the Hills," etc., I thought she had started on a new track. In fact, this was the general opinion. There was scarcely a vestige of the old mannerism about her. And, truth to say, she has shown very little of it this year; but when I saw the delicious piece of acting above referred to, and marked its effect upon the house—and then, but a moment after, had an opportunity to contrast it, even in Mrs. HOEY'S own case, with the usual stage style of thing, the subject impressed itself so deeply on my mind that I have not been in a mood to write about anything else since. Luckily, however, there has been very little in the theatrical way to write about.

The new plays at WALLACK'S and LAURA KEENE'S—"Bosom Friends," by Mr. HORACE WIGAN, and "No Rest for the Wicked," by Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS—have been postponed so often that I had about given them up. They are now "on," however, and I shall be able to say something about them, if they deserve it, next week.

At NIBLO'S there will be no change till MATILDA HERON comes on, which will be in about a fortnight, when she will take the place of Mr. HACKETT, and (preparatory to bringing out her new play) give us another touch of *Camille*.

At the Winter Garden young BOOTH is still all the rage, and will play for two or three weeks more, when there will be a violent transition to Mr. and Mrs. BARNEY WILLIAMS.

Meanwhile, look out for a new sensation in the person of a young German tragedian by the name of BANDMANN, whom I saw the other evening at the Stadt Theatre as *Mephistopheles*, and who, I am told, thinks of playing shortly in English, in a series of Shakespearian characters. His *Mephistopheles* is a masterpiece.

PYPS.

P.S.—GOTTSCHALK has returned to town, and is giving a second series of his charming Irving Hall concerts, which are the most *recherché* musical entertainments of the season.

Panics.

LIKE pic-nics, panics are very easily got up, but sometimes turn out to be rather expensive.

In the crowd, a panic hardly exhibits its ludicrous side—a side which it always has, nevertheless.

Privately, and in its individual seizures, a panic is often highly amusing—to the unbiassed observer.

There happened, two or three days ago, a very private, exclusively individual, and intensely amusing panic, arising out of a circumstance trifling in itself, but suggestive.

A wall had fallen in Gold street, crushing in its descent nothing worthy of particular comment.

Nevertheless JONES, meeting SMITH, told him that a wall had fallen in Gold street.

Perhaps JONES will never know the reason why SMITH turned pale, turned round, turned down a by-street, and turned to tearing his hair, the moment he took in JONES'S announcement.

Smith did all that, however: nay, he turned to and swore roundly—people never swear squarely, you know.

The fact was this. SMITH, who is a large holder of the yellow metal, and rather addle-headed, like most hoarders of our natural currency, thought that JONES had announced a fall of gold in Wall street, instead of a fall of wall in Gold street.

Hinc illæ what's-his-name. Let us liquor.

The "Music of the Union."

WE understand that Mr. T. E. CHICKERING—one of the famous piano CHICKERINGS—has just been appointed Colonel of the 41st Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers.

This regiment is in future to be known by the style and title of "CHICKERING'S Piano-forte-first."

Aldermanic Habits.

WE do not usually go to the gay and festive Alderman for fresh ideas on the subject of elegance and etiquette, but we hardly thought that the amenities were so utterly disregarded by him as seems to be the case from the following. It is taken from a daily-paper report of a meeting of the Board of Aldermen:

> "There was a little spat between Ald. FROMENT and Ald. BRADY, which might have been omitted without damage to the public interest."

When will our city dignitaries (?) repent them of their filthy habits of tobacco-chewing and reckless expectoration, and learn to comport themselves like gentlemen?

Classical and Correct.

IN a case where Paterfamilias comes to be drafted away for a soldier, he can hardly be any longer recognized by that appellation. At least it appears to us that Pater conscriptus will then be the more correct Latin for him.

"NON POSSUMUS."

A FEAT unparalleled in the chronicles of war has been repeatedly performed very successfully in the neighborhood of the Potomac. Every now and then a few dare-devil troopers of the rebel persuasion —haggard men of a dirty drab color, mounted upon haggard horses of a dirty drab color—gallop unexpectedly past some too confiding flank of the Federal army, brush up to a village within shell-shot of that immense body of men, go into a hasty shopping business at the principal dry-goods stores of the place, and, having divested themselves of their dirty, drab-colored rags, retire in triumph "across the Potomac," splendidly attired in the elegant shoddy "togs" intended for the use of our own soldiers. Booty may literally be set down as the instigating principle of these bold invasions. Boots are indispensable for cavalry. The rebel horse may have been hitherto well enough off for shoes, but his rider has long been bootless, although the raids made by him are anything but that. If war-correspondents are to be believed, it is chiefly to fit himself with a pair of boots that the bold trooper of Rebeldom visits us. He rides up, as it were, to our very boot-racks, and helps himself. A squadron of these freebooters tearing away toward the placid Potomac after one of their successful swoops, presents the weird and remarkable appearance of a whirlwind of animated boots, spurring recklessly at imaginary flanks as they hurtle with supernatural speed to the well-known shallows of that protecting river. Styx of old is nothing compared to the placid Potomac: the souls boated daily by CHARON across the former would make but a small fraction beside the total figure of the soles (and uppers) harried over the latter in one "cavalry dash." It is the old story of Booty and the Beast.

In our private opinion, a day of fasting and humiliation ought at once to be appointed on account of "STUART'S Rebel Cavalry;" because, unless something of that kind is done—and soon, mind—our men, nay, our very bridadier-generals, even, will have to go down to posterity unshoddied and unshod. Let not the theoretical economist here interrupt us, and say that as corn will not grow unless fostered with a top-dressing of boot, the corps of army chiropodists might, under such circumstances, be dispensed with, and a saving thereby effected. It boots neither to us nor any other Union man whether such be the case or no.

Next to a day of humiliation—a twenty-four-hour orgie of ashes on the half-shell, sprinkled with fine old wormwood wine of the fruitiest vintage—we think the best thing that our Government could do would be to sow a few handfuls of swift, prompt cavalry round the army of the Potomac. As an astute, in fact we might call him a recondite, writer in the *Daily Times* says, alluding in playful spirits to some of our spasmodic infantry dashes, "they show most conclusively the perfect folly of attempting to pursue cavalry with infantry."

We fully agree with that able writer. A "bold infantry dash" is, indeed, a magnificent article in its way: we once witnessed one upon a pot of jam, and it is about the reddest spot in our memory. But it is well known to all who are versed in the physical sciences, to all who have possessed themselves of comparative anatomy, to all such reflective men, in fact, as the able writer in the *Daily Times*, that the horse, for speed and endurance, far excels the man. Little versed as we are in the ways of the sporting world, were we to see a pedestrian running over a wide prairie after a rider upon the slowest mustang that ever was girthed, we would lay our last postage-stamp that the latter would get "there" first.

If these "bold cavalry dashes" that we so often hear of are allowed to go on, we should not be surprised to hear that "STUART'S Rebel Cavalry" had taken Washington some fine morning, and were getting LEUTZE to put their portraits into his big picture in the Capitol with one of *his* bold cavalry dashes. With regard to the rebel horse our motto at present is "*Non Possumus*, can't come it." Let us get a horse for ourselves, and then, laughing at STUART and his freebooters, our war-cry shall be "*Caveant*, let them cave."

THE GAME OF BAG.

B—A—G BAG
Comes in at the fag-
End of each of our warlike despatches.
"The foe's driven back,
We're hard on his track,
Of prisoners we've several batches.
He's broken, dismayed,
Discomfited, flayed!
Our cavalry worry and flag him.
He's surrounded—outflanked—
In fact, awfully spanked,
And to-morrow we'll certainly bag him."

L—A—G Lag.
Soon after this brag,
News comes that our forces are laggards.
"It is as we feared,
They have all disappeared—
Skedaddled—the cowardly 'blaggards.'
The brave BLATHERSKATE
Was a few hours too late
For the Rebs, though he did bully-rag 'em;
And we now are advised,
They are de-mor-al-ized,
Though we've failed, for the moment, to bag 'em."

T—A—G Tag,
After CHEATHAM and BRAGG,
Is the order at this present writing.
"Our men—well in hand—
An invincible band,
Press on, all impediments slighting;
But the enemy's rear
We can't see, far or near—
Would that into the toils we could drag him.
But he gives us, alack!
'Stead of battle, the 'sack';
Why *don't* he remain till we bag him?"

G—A—G Gag.
How long shall our flag
Be the scapegoat of humbug and blunder?
Our soldiers are trumps,
But we've too many gumps
With straps on their shoulders, by thunder!
And O dear! what a scrape
We are in with "red tape,"
And with axe-grinders—would we could gag 'em.
Were we well rid of these
We'd soon bring to their knees
All the Union-dissolvers, and bag 'em.

ANAGRAMMATICAL.

THE Annagrammatist must be a person of a very peculiarly constituted mind, as well as physically abnormal. His food, one would think, must principally consist of printers' pi, from the eager manner in which he rushes to transpose and capsize the typographical arrangement of any word or phrase that catches his fancy. We were intimately acquainted with an anagrammatist who was so enthusiastic about transposing everything, that he had all his teeth drawn and set back again in an array of ingenious disorder, with his eye-teeth sticking out immediately under his nose; and we have heard, somewhere, of another, who is now serving out a penal term in a lunatic asylum, for going about at night with a pot of paint and a brush, and anagrammatizing the names over the shop-doors of respectable citizens.

One such will come to you recklessly and without remorse, and, taking "Swedish Nightingale" to pieces before your face, will reconstruct it into "Sing high, sweet Linda"—which seems a somewhat equivocal compliment to "Sweet Linda," by the bye, like unto the "louder!" shouted at some public orator by an impatient mob. He then will insidiously convince you of Signora GUERRABELLA, whose name he twists into the slightly ungrammatical, although otherwise correct assertion that "Our G. BELLA *are* a singer."

These things, of course, cannot be done without an immense consumption of opium, gas, alcohol, midnight oil, tobacco, coffee, Cayenne pepper, and other taxable articles. On this account it is melancholy to reflect that as we have more taxes tacked on to us we shall have fewer anagrammatists. They are a cheerful, roystering, rakish, bacchanalian set of Robin Goodfellows, and we can but ill afford to dispense with them.

THE LEVELLING INFLUENCE OF "SHIRT-SLEEVES."

Stranger, (addressing gentlemen in waiting.)—"NOW THEN, WHICH OF YOU LAZY RAZOR-STRAPPERS IS GOING TO SHAVE ME?"

OUR HEROES.

I.

TALK! Talk! Talk! Talk!
See the windy heroes stalk!
All with martial words on fire;
All with livers white with ire;
Dreadful in their dens they fight—
Write! Write! Write! Write!

II.

GREELEY, BENNETT, GODWIN, BROOKS,
RAYMOND, WALLIS, JENKINS, SNOOKS—
None so valiant since the fall!—
Pen-and-paper heroes, all!
Each one wields his gray-goose quill—
Spill! Spill! Spill! Spill!

III.

O the glory of the show!
O the terror of the foe!
While the nation bleeds and dies,
Laud their prowess to the skies!
Fear they flout and danger mock—
Talk! Talk! Talk! Talk!

IV.

Chant we now their loftier claims—
How they call each other names;
How they flash, and slash, and crash;
How they dash, and mash, and smash;
Cracking each the other's nob—
Daub! Daub! Daub! Daub!

V.

Have they something real to do,
Something useful, something true,
Something planned in prudent mood,
For the suffering nation's good?
Yes, indeed: they'll save the State:
Prate! Prate! Prate! Prate!

VI.

Honor be to tongue and sound!
Pass the stirring words around!
Rebels crushed in sixty days—
All creation in a blaze—
Let FREMONT but pull the trigger—
Nigger! Nigger! Nigger! Nigger!

VII.

Ah! it is a pleasing thing
Of such precious souls to sing;
Men who, fearsome in the fray,
Save their country every day.
Heroes skilled with mud and chalk—
Talk! Talk! Talk! Talk!

"Put that in your Pipe."

AN ingenious citizen of Buffalo is said to have invented a new tobacco-pipe, one of the advantages belonging to which is that the smoke passes through cotton before it reaches the mouth. This is supposed to purify it; but smokers will have to be careful as to the quality of the cotton used by them. Gun-cotton, for instance, would not be a safe article for the purpose; while any kind of cotton that had been kept long in store would be apt to impart a baleful flavor to the other weed. This pipe, however meritorious it may be, would not answer, just now, for the English market. The cotton would be cribbed out of it in no time, especially in Lancashire, and all hands piped to splice the main brace on the strength of the supply. Should these pipes take the public fancy here, it is likely that there will be a great demand for cotton gin, as the most appropriate moistener for the new clay.

Old Marm Britannia and her Penny Ballads.

OUR NATIONAL TROUBLES.

Beauty.—"And why, Mr. Simpkins, oh! say why, this ruinous increase upon your price for gloves?"

The Beast.—"Along of the Tax, Miss. Things is mixed. Kids is considered a manufacture, for instance, while pig-iron ain't." (*Sensation-burst from Simpkins's young man, who always melts at the sight of lovely woman's tears.*)

Traces of Red Tape.

Great complaints are constantly made by our army surgeons with regard to the inefficient, not to say atrocious, mismanagement of the ambulances. We understand that the vehicles in question are constantly upsetting, in consequence of an order of the War Department that they must be attached to the horses with traces of red tape—which is a very bad material for that purpose, or any other. Had we our own way for about half-an-hour, we would abolish every trace of red tape in every Government Department, and snuff the red tapers out.

"Bellows to Mend!"

The Rev. Dr. Bellows calls Horatio Seymour a "political miscreant."

Is not such a blow as this from a Bellows rather strong? The Bellows is a very excellent thing in its way, quite an institution, in fact; but it were better to put it away on the shelf, altogether, than to use it for fanning up the already too lambent flame of political feud.

A Chance for General Greeley.

The attention of the gallant Brigadier whose name appears in our head-line is respectfully requested to the following paragraph:

"Ten thousand dark overcoats which had been made for the regiments just raised in this State, have been condemned at Gov. Andrew's request, as they were found to be utterly worthless."

These overcoats would just suit General Greeley's "brave army" of 900,000 men. They are "dark"—and the Greeley 900,000 are kept remarkably dark, likewise. They are "utterly worthless"—just like the General's war tactics; and we think that about ten thousand of them, or less, would be quite sufficient for the present. Eh, General!

Cases of Real Hardship.

Years ago there was a body of men in this city whose duty was to maintain the peace. They had no sinecure, as may easily be supposed, and yet after generations of tough duty, they were turned out of office without receiving any pay. These men are now known as the "Old Police"—an appropriate designation, as few of them can be under a hundred years of age. Now and then they are referred to in the papers as wonderfully sanguine patriarchs, still hoping for their arrears of pay.

It is now widely stated that a similar tardiness of payment exists in our army, and that many regiments have not been paid since the first of June. This is a sort of thing to which it were about time to put a full stop; unless, indeed, the military authorities wish to emulate our civil ones, by handing down to posterity an army of Patriot Patriarchs, tottering about on crutches, weak on their "pins," but strong in their hopes of receiving their "arrears of pay."

Patent Physique.

Since the introduction of the "New Gymnastics," it is wonderful the number of Milos, and Herculeses, and Spartacusses who have already developed great muscular ability and distinguished themselves as first-rate athletes. Dr. Dio Lewis, the originator of this great movement—or, rather, of these great movements, for there are several hundred of them—may well be set down as one of the modern benefactors of the American human race. But he has something to be answerable for, as well, on the score of things resulting from his system. At a restaurant, for instance, we were told that pork-and-beans is no longer a luxury within the reach of all, beans having gone up in the market to an unprecedented extent, in consequence of the demand in which they are for making the bean-bags used in the New Gymnastics.

Another item for which the Doctor should be made responsible is the boarding-house looking-glass. Several hundred of these objects of *vertu* have lately been more or less damaged by the transit through them of stray dumb-bells—articles that are subject to flying off at a tangent when the performer is describing difficult parabolas with them. Not many days ago a young man, lately quite notorious for weak knees and a general flaccidity of physique, did wonders on a couple of months' practice with the dumb-bells recommended by Dr. Lewis. He smote, stove in, and severely battered a rather ungentlemanlike person who called upon him with unseasonable enquiries as to his income, and a view to levying the tax upon it. It is but fair to state that the improved young man had his dumb-bells in his hands when he struck the decisive blows. They were only two-pound dumb-bells, indeed, which the Doctor says are heavy enough for any man; doubtless the tax-collector thinks so, too. Nomenclature is already beginning to taste the influence of the muscular movement; as an instance of which we may state that the homœopathic doctor who lives next door tells us that he intends to have his next baby christened Biceps, if it should happen to be "one of the boys."

Hearse-Soldiers.

It is stated upon what seems to be good authority that the rebel cavalry, on their late invasion of Pennsylvania, actually stopped a funeral and stole the horses from the car of death!

After this, we think that the gallant actors in this melodrama should be known as "Stuart's Heavy Hearsemen."

Carmen to Phœbus.

Photographers do a Driving business now-a-days—Cart photographs all the time.

PASS THE HAT ROUND.

We see nothing in the prospect of winter tiles, or styles, that would justify us in retracting the conviction already expressed by us that hatters have well been selected by the proverb-maker to typify the abstract idea of insanity. Distortion is the conspicuous vice of the autumnal head-gear, blue its prevailing color. Formerly, ere street boys had acquired that elegant and subdued tone for which they are now so much distinguished, they used to deride obscenely the luckless wight who had the hardihood to top himself with the first white hat of the season. He was charged with having appropriated a gander, a donkey, and other live stock. Thefts of sundry inanimate objects, such as bacon, were also imputed to him, and suspicions of ultra radicalism were thrown recklessly at his teeth. Nothing can be more characteristic of the refined reticence that marks the modern street boy, than the fact of his ability to resist the temptation of hurling sharp invective at the autumnal hat of the period. We have not once heard the wearer of the blue wide-awake interrogated as to whether he had been standing upon his head in an indigo vat. The *sobriquet* of "blue-top" has not, that we know of, been as yet affixed to any gentleman who chooses to adorn himself with a cerulean castor. His integrity has not become a subject for suspicion. All this, indeed, is charming—but the hat! the hat!

The lymphatic tendency of the hatter extends itself, naturally, to the wearer of the hat, whose head, indeed, could not be expected to be all right under the circumstances. We are looking, daily, for the appearance, on Broadway, of a flaming, scarlet hat, like that of a cardinal. The New-York swell, gifted as he is with all the cardinal virtues—and more too—ought seriously to move in the matter of the cardinal hat. Red is quite as good a color as blue; even better, sometimes, as in the case of the postage-stamp. Autumnal-tints are upon us, and we call upon the hatter to invite us with a maple-leaf hat.

Wild attempt of our Hasheesh-eating Artist to illustrate the "Fall" style of Hat.

Rather Mixed.

Really the local nomenclature developed to our wondering senses by the war-correspondents is bewildering to one's mind. Down there in Virginia, for instance, they have a Centreville and they have a Middleburgh—the two names being a jumble of English, French, and German to express one and the same idea. It is perplexing to the imagination to think that while Centreville may be the middle of some district, Middleburgh may be the centre of the same.

Spiritual Consolation.

A learned Doctor, writing in one of the religious papers, warns good people that "ten persons die prematurely of too much food, where one dies of drink." Another learned Doctor announces that "improper drinking of water has killed thousands." Putting this and that together, V. F. concludes that the safest way is to stick to spirits. To ardent souls, this view of the subject is full of consolation.

All Is Well.

A short time ago "Mrs. L. Maria Child" informed the President of the United States that "God had placed him at the head of a great nation at a crisis when its free institutions are in extreme peril from enemies within and without." It appears, however, that "Mrs. Gage" has since gone to Hilton Head "to make a thorough examination of the contraband question;" even a child can see that the Nigger difficulty is, at last, gaged.

Hard on the Parson.

"We, too, are suffering in the North," says the Rev. Mr. Beecher, "and in the same way that we ought to. *I accept the punishment.*" A loftier example of fortitude we cannot recall. Resignation is indeed sublime, when it accepts 6000 a year and perquisites, without a murmur!

An oil with a bad odor.
Train.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAMP.

I.

King Alcohol, cohol, cohol,
King Alcohol, coho!
Stand forth and say, you ancient curse,
Why fall you, thus, from bad to worse
As through the camp you go
Wo!
As through the camp you go?

II.

Time was when brigadiers, adiers,
Their merry men could show
That genial bumpers, at the feast,
The pith of heart and hand increased,
But that was long ago
Wo!
But that was long ago.

III.

For nothing now-a-days, a-days,
Doth wicked sutler stow
To aggravate the soldier's thirst
But pyrotechnic brands accurst
Such as are quaffed below
Wo!
Such as are quaffed below.

A New Spirit-Medium.

Immense excitement is prevailing in medical circles, in consequence of the following announcement:

"A physician at one of the Paris hospitals has just cured a case of delirium tremens brought on by excessive drinking, by the singular remedy of subjecting the patient to the constant influence of the vapor of spirits."

This experiment has already been tried, in this city, upon seventy-two medical students of delirium-tremendous habits. Forty of these declared that they "felt better," after having been subjected to the application of the condensed fire-water for a couple of hours; but it is proper to state that, in all of these cases, there was a continual demand for more lemons, sugar, and hot water, while a very powerful odor of tobacco-smoke pervaded the apartment to which the patients were confined. We do not, of course, mean to insinuate that these young gentlemen converted the alcoholic fluid into punch instead of "vapor"—but then they certainly said that they "felt better," which is what people generally say in moments of conviviality. The other students were variously affected by the "vapor," some of them singing songs under the influence of it, while others broke the furniture. A venerable physician states that there is nothing new in the application of vapor as a cure for the consequences of drink, hardly anything being more common than to hear a drunkard say that he "must keep the steam up or die."

Financial.

It was not Captain Cuttle, we think, who said, "When you find a paper, make a Note of it"—but whoever *did* say it, knew pretty well that two and two make four.

A REBEL RAID INTO NEW-JERSEY.

VARIOUS rumors were afloat, yesterday, in the neighborhood of Communipaw, N. J., with regard to a cloud of dust seen moving in the direction of that place by a boy who happened to be seated upon a road-side fence, whittling a switch of dog-wood with an old, two-bladed knife—a brass-mounted one, we think our reporter stated.

The boy, on being brought before the authorities of the place, cried a good deal at first, and stated, gratuitously, that his parents were, although afflicted with comparative destitution, persons of unimpeachable integrity. His father, as our reporter ascertained, is a designer of shoe-pegs—his mother an embroiderer of bass-wood mats. He has cousins in the cranberry business, and one of his aunts is married to a most respectable hogs-bristles-for-shoe-makers refiner, living in the English Neighborhood.

On being asked to describe the cloud seen by him, the boy said that he thought it must have been made by horses. There were horses' heads sticking out of one end of it, and horses' tails out of the other. The horses' heads were sticking out of the end nearest to Communipaw.

The boy had neglected to count the horses' tails, for which he was severely reprimanded by the first person of Communipaw. He also had his hair pulled by a brother-in-law of the oldest inhabitant of Communipaw, for having omitted to count the horses' heads.

On account of the confused character of the evidence elicited from the boy, after a cross-examination of seven hours, it was deemed proper by the authorities to have him locked up for the night. The constable of Communipaw was then ordered to a large boulder, from which there is a view of the country for miles around; but as it came on to rain immediately after he was posted there, and continued to rain at the time our reporter left, of course nothing like a cloud of dust had made its appearance.

The fact of the horses' heads being toward Communipaw, however, has convinced the authorities of that place that the cloud of dust seen by the boy contained STUART'S rebel cavalry, on their way to murder, pillage, devastate, and burn up the community.

They have made their preparations accordingly.

Eccentricities of "No. 290."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New-York Herald* gives some interesting particulars about the officers of the piratical cruiser *Alabama*, or *No.* 290. The captain waxes his moustache; the officers, when plundering a ship, reject brown sugar, appropriating the best loaf, only, and they all wear white kid gloves.

We think there is something appropriate in the wax attributed to the captain: he is likely to find a bee in his ear some fine morning.

With respect to sugar, it is quite natural that the officers of No. 290 should prefer the loaf. There is loafing by sea as well as by land, and half a loaf is better than no sugar.

The white kid gloves are very easily accounted for. They are evidently worn as a tribute to the memory of the lamented Captain KIDD, of piratical renown, their whiteness being emblematical of the immaculate character usually enjoyed by corsairs and other highwaymen.

A Clerical Error.

ACCORDING to the reporters, the members of the Episcopal Convention had a merry time of it last Thursday. The *Tribune*, speaking of these reverend gentlemen, says that they went to Blackwell's Island with Mr. SIMEON DRAPER, and that, while there, "they drank, speechified, and were merry"—which is just the kind of amusement for which many a poor fellow has been sent "up to the Island" from Special Sessions. The *Tribune* reporter does not mention that the reverend conventioners had anything to eat during their little spree, which leads his readers to suppose that drink was a primary object of the excursion. What seems to corroborate this is the statement attributed by the *Tribune* reporter to Judge CHAMBERS, who told the reverend conventioners, in an explanatory way, that "he had left the house on the previous night not to destroy a quorum, but to get sleep." Here we think we discover a misprint in the *Tribune* report. Did not Judge CHAMBERS make use of the expression "jorum," instead of "quorum?" The idea of his unwillingness to fall under the execrable suspicion of being a spoil-sport, a man who objected to any further allowance of "cakes and ale," would have been quite in harmony with the *Tribune's* general idea on the subject of rollicking conventions. We are quite satisfied that "jorum" must have been the word made use of by Judge CHAMBERS—a "jorum of punch." There is evidently either a clerical error in the case, or a typographical one—a matter which ought to be settled between the reverend conventioners and the reporter of the *Tribune*.

JONATHAN AT HOME (WOUNDED).

MY gran'sir' sot a-leanin' on his cane,
And dad sot readin' aöut the furrin noos
That told haöw Garrybaldigh 'd fit in vain,
And JESS sot hummin' some old humsick strain,
And all on us had the bleües.

The tears went tricklin' daöwn my gran'sir's cheek
And dad's voice trimbled as he read along
Slower and slower; and when he come to speak
Of haöw the hero 'd got so thin and weak,
JESS he wound off his song:

"I wouldn't 'a' hed him ketched for all I'm worth!"
Sed he, a-givin' the table a mighty blow:
"I wouldn't 'a' hed him hurt for all the 'arth!"
Said gran'sir', with a great thump on the h'arth,
And he coughed till I thought he'd go.

"Well, Jon'than, haöw d'ye feel to-night?" said dad,
A-turnin' raöund, (I ain't in fust-rate trim;)
"I'll tell you haöw I feel," says I; "'f I had
Six hundred lives—and woozen't quite so bad—
I'd give 'em all for him!"

JESS he'd be'n follerin' on where dad had read,
When up he jumped—sech joy you never saw!—
And wavin' the paper raöund and raöund his head,
"He's comin' here! he's comin' here!" he said—
"He's comin' to fight! hurraw!"

"JESS, is that treue?" says gran'sir', turnin' w'ite,
And risin' smarter than he'd done for years,
"Is Garrybaldigh comin' here to fight?
By heavens an' 'arth! I wish I hed my sight!
I'd j'ine the volunteers!"

"Jon'than, git well!" said JESS, 'baöut haäf in fun,
His eyes a-shinin' like two specks o' flame—
"Im goin' back with ye!"—"God bless ye, son,"
Said dad, "I know ye'll die afore ye'll run!
I wish I wasn't lame!"

"Boys," said my gran'sir', feelin' for his chair,
"Old as I am, ef I could see one mite,
I'd up an' foot it, almost anywhere,
To see him meet McClellan! may God spare
You all to see that sight!"

That name—McClellan—sot *me* off, like scat!
It always duz! I hedn't no more pain:
"I'll be there, sure!" says I. "JESS, where's my hat?"
But all to once I 'come 's blind 's a bat,
As ef I'd be'n shot again.

The next I know'd, there me and dad and JESS
Wooz on our knees 'fore gran sir', in the smoke:
His tremblin' han's wooz raised, his sons to bless;
And what he said, it woozn't hard to guess,
Though his tears wooz all that spoke.